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Business Notices.

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NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.—FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1895.

THIRTY PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Mr. Rose, of London, will send a formal challenge for the America's Cup through the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. The Peary relief expedition has returned to St. John's, N. F., with Lieutenant Peary and his two companions on board. Garibaldi's son, 30 months, has announced that he will no longer support the Government of Crispien, as it has refused amnesty to political prisoners. There is a rumor in Berlin, which receives a certain amount of credence, that a Ministerial crisis is at hand and that Prince von Hohenlohe's days as Chancellor are numbered. It is generally believed by the London press that a Franco-Russian alliance has been established.

DOMESTIC.—It was "Blue and Gray" Day at the Atlanta Exposition; a notable gathering of prominent officials was present. Two young women and a boy were drowned in the surf at Manasquan, N. J. A lively fight is expected in the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse over Senator Hill's demand for concessions to the Cleveland faction. Secretary Carlisle's trip to Massachusetts and Assistant Treasurer Jordan's visit at the Treasury Department revived talk of another Government bond issue. It is expected that the Democrats of New-Jersey will nominate Chancellor McGill for Governor. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott was severely injured by the fall of his horse at St. Albans, Vt. Democratic conventions were held in many counties and districts in this State.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The International club games were held at Manhattan Field, and the Americans defeated the Englishmen in all of the eleven contests. The International yacht race between Spruce IV and the Ethelwynn was abandoned from lack of wind, when the former had a long lead. Hugh N. Camp, the well-known broker, died. The day was the best of the season, the temperature at 3 p. m. being 71. A bicycle teacher was fatally hurt by being run down by a cable car. Winners at Gravesend: Margrave, Nanki Pook, Walter, Clifford, Rey del Carrer and Leonawell. Baltimore beat Brooklyn at baseball by a score of 4 to 0. The stock market was strong but dull.

THE WEATHER.—Forecast for to-day: Fair and warm; southerly wind. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 84 degrees; lowest, 74 degrees.

It is difficult to speak too highly of the remarkable dignity and self-control which the French have displayed in connection with the celebration by the Germans of their victories of a quarter of a century ago. As pointed out in a Paris letter, which we publish to-day, there has hardly been a speech delivered by ruler or general, by statesman or politician in Germany that has not contained intemperate calculations to wound deeply the susceptibilities of the French, while the Teuton press has not failed to seize every opportunity in connection with the festivities to vaunt the bravery of its troops at the expense of their gallant foes. The French have the reputation of being an exceptionally excitable and sensitive race, and that they should have abstained from taking any notice of these national rejoicings in Germany save to hold requiem services in memory of those who fell in the defence of their country, must be a subject of sincere congratulation to the many friends of France in the United States.

With General Schofield's retirement from service on Sunday next, owing to his having reached the age limit, there will disappear from the active list of the United States Army one of the last survivors of those great commanders who may be said to have helped to make American history. His name is associated with many of the most brilliant feats of the war, including the siege of Vicksburg, the capture of Atlanta, the battle of Nashville and the march of General Sherman through the Carolinas, which culminated in the surrender of Johnston's army at Durham Station, N. C. It is anticipated that his successor as commander of the army will be General Nelson A. Miles, one of its most distinguished and popular officers, who is renowned throughout the West for his success in dealing with those Indian outbreaks that formerly contributed to render life and property so insecure. It may be taken for granted that in the event of his appointment Congress will revive in his favor the exceptional rank of Lieutenant-General held by his predecessor.

Four world's records were smashed yesterday afternoon at Manhattan Field in the contest between the picked athletes of England and of the United States. It was the Americans who did the smashing; indeed, they carried everything before them, defeating their British opponents in each of the events on the programme. We have every reason to be gratified. For although it had originally been intended that the competition should be confined to teams of the athletic clubs of New-York and London, yet the contest gradually developed into one between the picked athletes and cranks of both countries. Nor should any account be taken of the assertions to the effect that the Englishmen were prevented by the heat from fulfilling the too sanguine expectations of their backers. Weather such as that of yesterday was just the kind best suited for such games, and if the Americans carried the day it was not attributable in any way to the condition of the temperature, but entirely to their athletic superiority.

Yesterday was the warmest day of the year, and the hottest save three since the establishment of the official Weather Bureau, in 1870. This is somewhat disconcerting to those who have been led to believe that the summer was at an end and that the autumn had begun. One is at a loss to explain such utterly unseasonable weather,

unless perhaps it has been caused by the unceasing gathering in this city of so many Democratic politicians preparatory to leaving for their convention at Syracuse. The advent of this equatorial heat at the same time as the arrival from England of the distinguished ex-oss of Tammany Hall, who, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, still dominates the Wigwam, is to say the least, a peculiar coincidence.

While much satisfaction will be created by the announcement of the safe arrival at St. John's yesterday of the Peary expedition on board the Kite, yet it is disappointing to learn from the dispatches, which we publish to-day, that to all intents and purposes the undertaking has been a failure. No new record in the direction of the North Pole has been made, and in spite of the hardships suffered by Lieutenant Peary and his associates they seem to have accomplished nothing save the surveying of a certain stretch of the hitherto unexplored Greenland coast and the formation of a large collection of Arctic birds, fishes and fauna. Lieutenant Peary may, however, be congratulated on having brought safely home the members of his expedition. The dangers are many in the great loneliness of snow and ice, where, with his comrades, Lee and Henson, he spent a year of utter isolation, and widespread anxiety was felt concerning their fate—an anxiety now happily set at rest by their safe return.

A RACE NEXT YEAR.

The news that your yachtsmen must be prepared to defend the America's Cup again next year against an English competitor is exceedingly welcome. The first report has been confirmed, and Mr. Charles Day Rose's informal announcement of his intention will soon be followed by a formal challenge through the Royal Victoria Yacht Club of Ryde. The time and circumstances impart a flavor of special grace and courtesy to Mr. Rose's action and make it peculiarly grateful to Americans. On the face of it the challenge merely signifies an English gentleman's ambition and purpose to capture an international trophy which many others have tried to win in vain; but it really means more than that. So early a notification was not necessary under the terms of the deed of gift, and its arrival at this time, while the incidents of the recent mournful fiasco are still being discussed, and before Lord Dunsen's return to England with a personal narrative of his experiences, may fairly be interpreted as a complete and decisive disavowal by Mr. Rose and, we think, many other Englishmen, including not improbably the Prince of Wales, of sympathy with Lord Dunsen's ungallant behavior. While adding, as we must suppose, to the burden of humiliation which he carries here and will not be able to drop at home, and though not essential to confirm Americans in the conviction that he has been treated here with absolute fairness and constant courtesy, it is nevertheless extremely gratifying as a striking expression of English opinion.

This interpretation of Mr. Rose's action is not a broad inference from the mere fact that he is about to challenge formally for the America's Cup. He himself has promptly supplied the reasons for such an understanding of it. He said frankly yesterday, in reply to inquiries, that he had no thought of imposing unusual conditions for the race; that any conditions satisfactory to the Cup Committee would be satisfactory to him; that he had not the slightest fear of meeting with anything but fair treatment, and that he supposed the conditions would be practically the same as those which prevailed in this year's races. That is the language of a gentleman, and we sincerely hope he will prove to be as stout a competitor as he is true a sportsman. No lover of fair play could wish to see a more pungent rebuke administered to those ill-informed Englishmen who, having begged all the questions involved in the recent controversy, have pronounced a rancorous judgment upon American yachtsmen and the American public. That the sentiment which such persons reflect is by no means unanimous in England has been evident from the first, and there is reason to believe that they will soon find themselves in a very small minority of their countrymen.

Mr. Rose is quoted as adding to his expressions of confidence in American fair play the remark: "I only hope they will give us clear water." This will be the ardent and universal hope here. It is a condition hard to establish, as Mr. Rose is doubtless aware, on any yachting course in any race exciting great interest. It has rarely, if ever, been present even in England, where it is not the custom for spectators to follow the races in excursion steamers, but where the courses, in some cases narrow and difficult, are additionally obstructed by numerous yachts at anchor, through which contestants are compelled to find their way as best they can. From all that we are able to learn on the subject it appears that the embarrassments of navigation, though somewhat different in kind, are about equal in degree on both sides of the Atlantic; though it must be conceded, we think, that a misfortune of position is more detrimental in English waters than here, where the consequences of crowding are in general impartially distributed. But, at the same time, every possible effort and every reasonable concession ought to be made in the interest of absolutely unimpeded races for the cup next year.

Mr. Rose is peculiarly entitled to the most cordial and considerate treatment. It is doubtful if the course of Marblehead, or any other that is available, would prove to be better fitted for the purposes of an international contest than that off Sandy Hook; but we understand that there is no obstacle in the way of choosing a new course, and if Mr. Rose has a preference we should be heartily glad to have it consulted.

REPUBLIC AND EMPIRE.

The Franco-German war anniversaries are not yet all celebrated. Those of Gravelet and Sedan have been, and there will scarcely be any more important. All, however, will receive attention, including the fall of Metz, the capture of Paris and the crowning of William of Prussia as German Emperor at Versailles. It is a great time for Germany, and for all Germans; especially for the great ex-Chancellor, to whom, of all men living or dead, is due most of the honor, and for the little Emperor, to whom none is due, but upon whom all is reflected. Germans have cause to glory in the heroic deeds of twenty-five years ago. They have cause, too, to rejoice in the legacy left by those old heroes to the present time. In spite of many evils, the Empire has been for their good; and all well-wishers of the German people may hope for its preservation, under a wise administration, until such time as it shall be transformed into the United States of Germany.

The anniversaries are not, however, all upon one side. France has them, too, though to be differently observed. There are few bright days and many dark ones. There are memories of some victories, but of many defeats. There are memories of treason, of humiliation, of dismemberment, and of the Kaiser's march played under the Arch of Triumph. Yet on the whole France has the better of it all. The Republic is older than the Empire. In the ancient Hall of Mirrors, with an applauding audience of Kings and Princes, but rudely and hurriedly, amid scenes of disaster and desolation. But it was first. It has endured. And he would be a rash prophet who should to-day declare its future prospects to be less bright than those of its Imperial rival. On the contrary, the French Republic, which is four months older than the German Empire, and which has already lasted far longer than any royal or Imperial dynasty in France for more than a century, bids

fair to remain secure and prosperous long after every existing dynasty and throne has vanished from the Continent.

It would be easy to indulge in rhapsodies on such a theme, but they would belittle it, and they are unequalled for. France is to-day her own most worthy tribute. She is herself the best assurance of her stability and strength. A shrewd intriguer strove to stampede her for the "man on horseback." She refused to be stamped. One of her Presidents was murdered by a Socialist assassin. She bravely bore her grief without the tremor of a nerve. Another President resigned his place in panic-provoking circumstances. She knew no panic, but with a calmness the phlegmatic Teuton well might envy, chose his successor and kept on the even tenor of her way. M. Ribot formed his present Ministry amid great difficulties. Men said it was a mere stop-gap, that soon must fall. It has not fallen. M. Ribot faced the Chamber with it and held his ground with growing strength. Through the Parliamentary recess his consistent and dignified policy won daily more popularity well deserved for himself and more faith in the Government of which he is the bulwark. To-day there is no Prime Minister in Europe who more commands and merits the loyal confidence of his countrymen and the respect of foreign Governments and peoples.

These are some of the things which make this quarter century of the "terrible year" a time not altogether of woe for France. It is also the quarter century of the Republic. The same Sedan that trailed France's eagles in the dust and made her legions captive drove from his throne her tinsel tyrant and set her free to live a nobler life and seek a higher destiny. Her great sister Republic on this side the sea rejoiced in the early triumphs of the German arms which crushed the Man of December and made the French Republic possible. Far more it rejoices to-day in the unwavering maintenance of that Republic, and offers to M. Faure, to M. Ribot and to all France its heartfelt congratulations. The same hues blend in the Tricolor and in the Stars and Stripes. Well will it be if that shall prove a lasting token that they and their peoples are one in spirit and in destiny.

THE CRITICAL YEAR.

This year is vital for good government and genuine reform. It is comparatively easy to overthrow organizations when their rottenness and oppression have become intolerable. The grand uprising of the people then comes like the lightning's flash for suddenness and for resistless power. But it is a different matter to consolidate and complete the victory and to prevent the return of the old band of public robbers to power under new disguises or with new figureheads.

New-York did not finish, but only began a great reform, when it placed a Republican Governor and a Republican Mayor in office. Every intelligent man knew that abuses were too deeply rooted to be removed in a single year, and that one year of defeat would arrest incomplete reform at a critical point and restore to the public robbers a material share of the power wrested from them. Neither did New-Jersey finish, but only began a great reform, when it elected a Legislature of true men. The work cannot even go deep enough to offer a fair chance of lasting reform to a Governor not at the beck and call of law-breakers, race-track swindlers and unscrupulous partisans can be elected. In both States the really severe test comes this year. Well-meaning men by the thousand will think they have done their duty as happened in overturning the rings last year, and can now answer the call of partisanship by electing to office practically the same men who were beaten under new pretences or new names.

It is just here that the great peril comes for every reformatory movement. In its nature impossible of completion within a single year, or by new hands who do not carry forward the work with its full spirit and scope, the struggle for pure and good government is always liable to break down when the next election comes after the first outburst of public indignation. The indignation is apt to cool. The tremendous inertia of great bodies unaccustomed to organized, continued and coherent work begins to be felt. The dissatisfaction of some because the upheaval has not brought exactly the results which their interests or ambitions had sought breeds discord. The standard set, too low for some or too high for others, is sure to repel some who are honest but not broad enough to see that progress in no direction is possible except by successive steps. The reform which attempts to reach its final end at a single bound is not much of a reform, or else it fails.

This year rather than last year, then, will determine whether the people of New-York and New-Jersey are going to get decent and pure government for themselves. If they elect a Democratic Legislature in New-York, if they elect a Governor in New-Jersey, who will place a respectable name at the service of a ring of public robbers, reform will take a back seat, and the people will spend another period, perhaps of years, in getting themselves swindled and educated. It is their affair, and yet many of them are exceedingly likely to act as if the whole of their duty in the matter of reforming government had been discharged when they broke the Tammany ring in New-York and the race-track ring in New-Jersey. The result in each State depends upon the number of those who refuse to turn back until the work of uprooting abuses and organized plunderings has been completed.

CANADIAN RIGHTS AND COPYRIGHT.

Sir Charles Tupper bears criticism ill. He is apparently vexed at what our London correspondent said of him the other day. We might, indeed, almost reckon him to be angry were it not that anger would indicate a non-judicial frame of mind unbefitting to a Minister of Justice. But vexed he certainly seems to be. Unfortunately, he does not specify the precise cause of his vexation. It cannot be because Mr. Ford spoke of his reputation as a "Jingo" for that has long been the immediate jewel of Sir Charles's heart. Neither can it be that his attitude toward Mr. Hall Caine, loudly proclaimed in advance, was branded as a breach of good taste and common sense. True, Mr. Hall Caine is a mere author, a very insignificant being compared with a real, live Baronet. But then an Earl is a still more exalted personage, and if Lord Aberdeen is going to receive the author and listen to him courteously, is it not both premature and stupid for any less dignitary to announce beforehand that he will not do so? Surely Sir Charles, as Minister of Justice, must think so, whatever view he may take as a private individual.

There is left, then, only this conclusion, that Sir Charles is vexed because he thinks Mr. Ford challenged his right, or the right of the Canadian Government, to enact an unjust copyright law without regard to the will of the British Government. Apparently that is it, since Sir Charles, waving our correspondent's letter aside as "too impertinent to reply to," makes haste to add that Canada has a constitutional right to make any copyright law she pleases, and he, as Minister of Justice, is not going to sacrifice that privilege. It is always pretty safe to reckon that when a man says anything is "too impertinent to reply to," his very next words will be the best reply to it he is able to make. Well, we beg to assure Sir Charles that no such challenge was intended, either by Mr. Ford or by The Tribune. We are quite willing to concede that Canada has a right, theoretically, to make any copyright law she pleases, no matter how foolish or dishonest. She has also a right to enact that two and two shall henceforth make five, and that water shall flow uphill. We do not challenge that right for a moment. We do not say the British Colonial Office will do so. But we do give fair warning that the people and Government of the United States are not likely to regard such legislation as the embodiment of perfect justice and eternal wisdom.

Theoretically, as Mr. Ford said in the letter which disturbed the habitual tranquillity of the Tupperian mind, Canada has a right to make a copyright law without regard to the Imperial authority. Yet in practice she has half disavowed that right by sending Mr. Newcombe—Sir Charles Tupper's own Deputy Minister of Justice, by the way—to London to confer with the Colonial Office and to get, if possible, its approval of her act. The Canadian Minister knows perfectly well that it would be a bad bit of work for him and for the whole Dominion Government to oppose openly the Imperial Government and to defy its expressed will in such a matter. His Toronto speech sounded very brave and masterful, but—though there may be no Buncombe County in Canada—we all know for what he was speaking. His impassioned rhetoric will make good campaign literature when the general election comes on, a few months hence, though it will scarcely be as effective as railroad building and expansion of public works. Its effect upon the Colonial

Office will be nil, for Mr. Chamberlain had already disapproved the Canadian act, and sent Sir Charles's deputy home with a new draft in his pocket, if not with a flea in his ear.

The places where Sir Charles's words may well be taken seriously, however, are the State Department at Washington and the American Embassy in London. How much or how little effect they may have at the Colonial Office, does not matter. They are the words of a responsible Minister, and they are a direct menace of a state of affairs which would render the maintenance of international copyright impossible. That is the significant point. It is recognized by others than Americans. France protests just as strongly as we against letting Canada play ducks and drakes with the Berne Convention, and predicts just as certainly that such action will promptly bring back universal piracy. Whatever may be Canada's rights in the matter, under the strict letter of the Constitution, there is no doubt that the British Colonial Office can by some means impress its will upon the Ottawa Government. If Canada adopts a law in violation of the Berne Convention, and thus menaces the American market with a flood of half-pirated editions, Great Britain will be held responsible for it, and, however much we may deplore it, the international copyright arrangement between this country and Great Britain will be in imminent danger. Secretary Olney and Ambassador Bayard can do the cause of international copyright no greater service than to make that fact clear and emphatic to the British Government.

MR. CROKER'S NEW PHILOSOPHY.

At what fountain-head of wisdom and philosophy has Mr. Croker been drinking deep draughts during his sojourn in England? He has been gone only six months, and those six months have been ruffled by stormy episodes that would disturb the equanimity of philosophers of much longer standing than he; yet almost as he descends the steamer's gangplank he delivers himself of a new theory of life—an epicurean philosophy that was never taught in Fourteenth-st. "I am out of politics for good, for all time," declares Mr. Croker. "There is no fun in it. One's 'stay in this world is too brief, and I think it behooves us all to make the most of it.'"

Here is a change, indeed. Out of politics because there is no "fun in it"? Did Mr. Croker ever look upon the practice of politics as "fun"? Did he imagine that in all these years he was pursuing "fun" in the sordid surroundings of Fourteenth-st., only to have it elude him, will-o'-the-wisp-like, even in the midst of his greatest triumphs? And finally, having proved to himself how hollow those triumphs were, how utterly destitute of all vestiges of "fun," did he betake himself to the home of his ancestors and the British turf to make the most of the time remaining to him after his vain search? The general impression among the taxpayers of New-York is the reverse of this. We dare say that even in the councils of Tammany Hall the lament has also prevailed that Mr. Croker has been too long in politics for fun, or even for his health. His cheerful avowal at this stage of his career that he intends to stay out of the game in the future on account of its lack of amusing qualities will be received with some traces of doubt and disbelief. There are many other good reasons why Mr. Croker should stay out, any one of which would have been accepted with much less scepticism.

On the other hand, Mr. Croker's dictum as to the brevity of our stay in this world and the desirability of making the most of it will be received with general approbation. It will be welcomed by the taxpayer, and will be considered particularly apposite, we have no doubt, by the many members of Tammany Hall whose exertions on behalf of their political faith have been no less strenuous than Mr. Croker's and equally devoid of "fun," but far less richly rewarded in a pecuniary sense than his, and who have not yet succeeded in amassing the means to "make the most of it," either by visiting the homes of their ancestors or by braving the British horseman on his native turf. There is a pretty widespread opinion in Tammany Hall that so long as Richard Croker is in politics in Fourteenth-st., there is little hope for any other members of the organization reaping any reward that would seem at all adequate in case Tammany Hall should be returned to power in New-York.

New-Jersey will elect a Republican Governor this fall; and then, if any one says that State is not in the Union, shoot him on the spot!

Russia is coddling China and trying to crowd Japan. It is a dangerous game. If the great Northern land-grabber is in such a hurry to occupy the Regent's Sword, why not pay the indemnity to Japan in full? Japan would then get out. She is not likely to do so until then.

The new bridge station in Brooklyn will, it is announced, be opened for use to-morrow. Let us hope that it will be, that it will soon be entirely finished, and that the New-York station will also soon be finished, and that then they will both be allowed to remain finished and undisturbed for at least a year. Down to the present moment the great Bridge, in some of its parts, has been constantly torn up and undergoing alterations. Do let us have a rest some time.

The suspicion has been growing for several years that the dog days have been shifted into September. It is now pretty well confirmed.

The Spaniards are getting dangerously near to a war of no quarter in Cuba. If they keep on murdering non-combatants who are merely suspected of revolutionary sympathies the patriots will be goaded to retaliation.

In the old price list of Tammany, which included the market rate of every office in the city, high and low, and the cost of immunity for all grades and specifications of crime, it appears that the rate for the destruction of a criminal indictment was \$300, just the sum which a policeman had to pay to get on the force. The finding of several thousand of these hidden and suppressed documents in the District-Attorney's office points to the hiding and suppression of many more, and also indicates a new source of Tammany's overhanging revenue in the older time. No wonder it is bestirring itself and summoning its most respected privates to the front and calling aloud on Croker to help set it on its legs again. But that is a task which, like the restoration of the dethroned Humphry Dumpty, is beyond the powers of all the King's horses and all the King's men. The wonder is that with all its old infamies staring it in the face, it has the impudent hardihood to survive at all, even in name, and that is about all its survival amounts to.

Those who were strolling yesterday would do well to remember that they may be shivering to-morrow. It is not a favorable season for getting caught in diaphanous garments a long way from home.

Peter Turney's speech at Chattanooga would have been better received if his maker had not been holding an office which belonged to another man. Henry Clay Evans was honestly elected Governor of Tennessee.

The Connecticut Legislature's efforts to bring about a "good roads" movement among the Connecticut towns have bore fruit with unexpected promptness. More than eighty towns have applied to the Highway Commission for the State aid authorized by the law of last spring, by which the cost of building the roads is to be assessed in three equal portions on the town, the county and the State. This means that a good many miles of road will be built under the State Commissioners' supervision and according to their specifications, insuring uniformity of construction according to the most approved methods. It is considerably beyond what was anticipated. In fact, the law was by no means viewed with general approval throughout the State when it was enacted. The sum appropriated to carry on the work was small—only \$75,000—but there were complaints that the whole plan only provided a way for some of the towns to build their roads at the expense of others. It is to be hoped that the interest displayed in the good roads question and the improvement that will result from it will effectually silence all complaints of this kind. The law is a step in the right direction, and the Connecticut Legislature ought to see to it that the advantages it confers are continued and multiplied in the future. It is at once a benefit to the State and an example to others less progressive—among which, unfortunately, must be reckoned New-York.

The New-Haven merchants who forced the proprietor of a local hotel to haul down the British union jack which he had hoisted out of compliment to the English athletes who were his guests were suffering from an attack of misdirected patriotism from which it is to be

Office will be nil, for Mr. Chamberlain had already disapproved the Canadian act, and sent Sir Charles's deputy home with a new draft in his pocket, if not with a flea in his ear.

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The new challenger for the America's Cup seems to be just the right sort. We judge that there are no thorns to that Rose.

One of the latest and most blatant advocates of a third term for Cleveland says that Washington retired at the end of his second term merely because he was tired of serving his country, and wanted to rest and enjoy himself. Grover Cleveland, apparently, is a purer and more self-sacrificing patriot than the Father of His Country.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, the orator of their own race whom the colored people put forward as their spokesman at the Atlanta opening, makes a promising debut and steps at once from obscurity into fame. His speech was not only the best which the occasion brought forth, but was intrinsically a notable production, showing a quality of wisdom and good sense which would have done credit to any orator and illuminated any theme. The colored people in their Atlanta display exhibit not only surprising ingenuity in arts and manufactures, but demonstrate also the possession of sagacious counsellors and leaders and exponents of their cause as eloquent and capable as those possessed by any race. Mr. Booker Washington is sure to be heard from again, and is worth listening to by everybody, and particularly worth heeding by his people, to whom so wise a monitor and guide and so capable an expositor of their achievements and aims, as well as of their duties and obligations, is of inestimable value.

New-Jersey will elect a Republican Governor this fall; and then, if any one says that State is not in the Union, shoot him on the spot!

Russia is coddling China and trying to crowd Japan. It is a dangerous game. If the great Northern land-grabber is in such a hurry to occupy the Regent's Sword, why not pay the indemnity to Japan in full? Japan would then get out. She is not likely to do so until then.

The new bridge station in Brooklyn will, it is announced, be opened for use to-morrow. Let us hope that it will be, that it will soon be entirely finished, and that the New-York station will also soon be finished, and that then they will both be allowed to remain finished and undisturbed for at least a year. Down to the present moment the great Bridge, in some of its parts, has been constantly torn up and undergoing alterations. Do let us have a rest some time.

The suspicion has been growing for several years that the dog days have been shifted into September. It is now pretty well confirmed.

The Spaniards are getting dangerously near to a war of no quarter in Cuba. If they keep on murdering non-combatants who are merely suspected of revolutionary sympathies the patriots will be goaded to retaliation.

In the old price list of Tammany, which included the market rate of every office in the city, high and low, and the cost of immunity for all grades and specifications of crime, it appears that the rate for the destruction of a criminal indictment was \$300, just the sum which a policeman had to pay to get on the force. The finding of several thousand of these hidden and suppressed documents in the District-Attorney's office points to the hiding and suppression of many more, and also indicates a new source of Tammany's overhanging revenue in the older time. No wonder it is bestirring itself and summoning its most respected privates to the front and calling aloud on Croker to help set it on its legs again. But that is a task which, like the restoration of the dethroned Humphry Dumpty, is beyond the powers of all the King's horses and all the King's men. The wonder is that with all its old infamies staring it in the face, it has the impudent hardihood to survive at all, even in name, and that is about all its survival amounts to.

Those who were strolling yesterday would do well to remember that they may be shivering to-morrow. It is not a favorable season for getting caught in diaphanous garments a long way from home.

Peter Turney's speech at Chattanooga would have been better received if his maker had not been holding an office which belonged to another man. Henry Clay Evans was honestly elected Governor of Tennessee.

The Connecticut Legislature's efforts to bring about a "good roads" movement among the Connecticut towns have bore fruit with unexpected promptness. More than eighty towns have applied to the Highway Commission for the State aid authorized by the law of last spring, by which the cost of building the roads is to be assessed in three equal portions on the town, the county and the State. This means that a good many miles of road will be built under the State Commissioners' supervision and according to their specifications, insuring uniformity of construction according to the most approved methods. It is considerably beyond what was anticipated. In fact, the law was by no means viewed with general approval throughout the State when it was enacted. The sum appropriated to carry on the work was small—only \$75,000—but there were complaints that the whole plan only provided a way for some of the towns to build their roads at the expense of others. It is to be hoped that the interest displayed in the good roads question and the improvement that will result from it will effectually silence all complaints of this kind. The law is a step in the right direction, and the Connecticut Legislature ought to see to it that the advantages it confers are continued and multiplied in the future. It is at once a benefit to the State and an example to others less progressive—among which, unfortunately, must be reckoned New-York.

The New-Haven merchants who forced the proprietor of a local hotel to haul down the British union jack which he had hoisted out of compliment to the English athletes who were his guests were suffering from an attack of misdirected patriotism from which it is to be

Office will be nil, for Mr. Chamberlain had already disapproved the Canadian act, and sent Sir Charles's deputy home with a new draft in his pocket, if not with a flea in his ear.

The places where Sir Charles's words may well be taken seriously, however, are the State Department at Washington and the American Embassy in London. How much or how little effect they may have at the Colonial Office, does not matter. They are the words of a responsible Minister, and they are a direct menace of a state of affairs which would render the maintenance of international copyright impossible. That is the significant point. It is recognized by others than Americans. France protests just as strongly as we against letting Canada play ducks and drakes with the Berne Convention, and predicts just as certainly that such action will promptly bring back universal piracy. Whatever may be Canada's rights in the matter, under the strict letter of the Constitution, there is no doubt that the British Colonial Office can by some means impress its will upon the Ottawa Government. If Canada adopts a law in violation of the Berne Convention, and thus menaces the American market with a flood of half-pirated editions, Great Britain will be held responsible for it, and, however much we may deplore it, the international copyright arrangement between this country and Great Britain will be in imminent danger. Secretary Olney and Ambassador Bayard can do the cause of international copyright no greater service than to make that fact clear and emphatic to the British Government.

The new challenger for the America's Cup seems to be just the right sort. We judge that there are no thorns to that Rose.

One of the latest and most blatant advocates of a third term for Cleveland says that Washington retired at the end of his second term merely because he was tired of serving his country, and wanted to rest and enjoy himself. Grover Cleveland, apparently, is a purer and more self-sacrificing patriot than the Father of His Country.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, the orator of their own